

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.

Cor. Nay then

Alb. Well, well, the vent.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered
your Letter.

Exit.

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in
danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's
a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his
daughters, and leaue his homes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be
my Horses ready?

Foole. Thy Asles are gone about 'em; the reason why
the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, I'd haue thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst
bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen;
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are
the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, generally.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan*.

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not! pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie question
Which I must act, Briefe esse, and Fortune worke,

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' halfe,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me;
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, see me to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoo, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter *Gloster*, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho; go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship,

But

Edmund, I heare that you haue shewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd
This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serue you Sir truly, how euer else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the feuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our businesse,
Which craues the instant vse.

Glo. I serue you Madam,

Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Kent*, and *Steward* generally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make
thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a
base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred
pound, filthy woofed-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered,
action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-seruiceable
finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slaue, one that
would't be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Birch,
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou
deny'st the least fillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy
heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,

for